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THE CORADDI

MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 38

JANUARY, 1934

NUMBER 1

Published by

WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Subscription Rate Per Year \$1.50

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was a horrible thought. He was so poor in arithmetic and spelling; what would happen if he could no longer read? He slid down the ladder and hurried past the stalls. An empty hemp sack lay beside the door — “Norton’s Best Fertilizer” ran the label in faded red. He gulped in relief. * * * * *

It was almost time to close the casket.

“Have you said goodbye to your dear aunt?” someone whispered sharply.

He trembled; he had no desire to see his dear aunt again. He had always been a little afraid of her; he suspected she had laughed at him. The parlor door was ajar, and suddenly he was inside, the door closed. The room was deserted except for himself: all the people were in the front yard, on the porch, or in the hall. The room was dark, but not so dark as the coffin that stood impressively before the fireplace. Very frightened he tiptoed over until he felt the glass lid with his finger tips. Then quickly he looked down. His mouth opened; she looked just as usual, the same hair — everything! He looked in astonishment; then he bent closer. Always, he had wanted to stare at the large mole near the tip of his aunt’s nose; now, at last, he could examine it closely!

Did it happen? As he gazed down, did one of her eyes pop open, look at him in amusement, then close? He backed away fearfully, his heart pounding, his knees quivering. Halfway across the room he paused. Everything was so quiet — quiet as it had been that day in the woods when he had found a little squirrel lying dead on the ground. He slipped to the coffin again. Aunt Emily lay very still.



I need you more than air or field or grain,
And lacking you is lacking summer rain.
As cold and dry as earth that needs the dew,
So cold am I, for I have need of you.

I know full well that furrows rich with loam
That autumn with her fruits like yellow foam
Lie intimately close to sun and dew.
I can but perish. I have need of you.

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS.

Amy Slade

(HER LAST WORDS)

I've lived with Herman Slade twelve years
And made him a good wife.
Now I am dying
Because he spent our last bit
For a strip of red clay field
When I needed rest.

This house, the shiny pans, the hard clean floor,
Those little red-checked curtains — are mine —
I made it all just like it is now —
From the shabby old place full of cob-webs and grime.
Twelve years it took me — twelve years of
Working and scrimping — and praying
That God would make me strong!

There were babies — two of them in four years.
I minded them, and cooked, and washed,
And helped Herman in the field.
This last spell was the worst of them all —
I felt the same hot and cold ridges running
Over my face — the black spots pushed the
Sun back and back in the sky —
And I fell there in the field.
This is the last time.
I won't have to work anymore.
Now I know that a man can't see the needs
That's closest to him — not when he's soil-blind!
I've needed a rest for a long time,
I have been tired so long.

EDYTHE LATHAM.

Lytton Strachey

DEFINITELY a picturesque personality, unusual and humorous in appearance, Lytton Strachey, the biographer, was a fascinating and intriguing character. His every word and action brings a multitude of questions to the inquisitive mind. Underneath that shy reserve lay what real feelings? What thoughts raced through his brilliant mind as he sat silent, brooding in the midst of friends? He at once intrigued and repelled; intrigued by his diffidence, his reticence, and repelled by his caustic wit and sardonic smile.

From the several paintings and etchings of him, one immediately sees that he was a distinct and extraordinary type. His tall, thin body, surmounted by a narrow face and great, tawny beard, was grotesque in its extreme and accentuated length. He is described as having had the oblong and wry-necked characteristics of some of Giotto's figures and seemed to be cut in square edges. From his brooding eyes, behind steel-rimmed spectacles, proceeded a benevolent regard. The pallor of his face was almost comic, in that it was so excessive. It might well have been paint worn by an actor. His exquisite hands with their tapering fingers proclaimed him a creature of fine mold.

Among his friends, he was a shining and dominating figure. In his home at fifty-one Gordon Square, where he lived with his mother from the end of the war until his death last January, he gathered about him a brilliant group of literary intelligentsia who lived in the vicinity of Gordon Square. Clive Bell, writer on art and literature, and his wife, Vanessa, who paints and illustrates, live at thirty-seven Gordon Square. Farther on down the street live John Maynard Keynes, economist, and Edward Morgan Forster, novelist. Around the corner, at Tavistock Square, live the Woolfs, Virginia and Leonard — she, an outstanding and brilliant novelist; he, an editor and publisher. These celebrities make up the Bloomsbury group of which Strachey was a beloved member. They all criticized, consoled, praised, and gave of their time, effort, and talent to each other. One of Virginia Woolf's first books was published by her husband, Leonard, and illustrated with woodcuts by her older sister, Vanessa Bell. E. M.

Forster writes in glowing terms of Virginia Woolf. One of her books is dedicated to Strachey. They were all closely bound together by a consistent intellectual attitude, an intense interest in life and people, and a desire for expression with pen or brush. After the publication of Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" in 1918, there followed in succession books by other members of the group. Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" and Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex" both came out in 1928. These books were characteristic of the modern trend in both novel and biography, unique in treatment and in style.

It is easy to picture that interesting group in earnest and vigorous conversation. Strachey, its leader, was the creator of conversation without ever seeming to force it. Silent, hunched in a corner, all beard and spectacles, not even appearing to listen, he would await his opportunity and then pounce. It was generally to good advantage, for this pouncing either destroyed the conversation (if he wished it) or brought it to life again with a new twist toward an entirely different destination. His method of conversation was most peculiar and erratic. When with those he liked, he talked with animation, casually and in his humorously named "Stracheyesque" voice (something high-pitched and flute-like). Though fascinating and brilliant, the conversation was often difficult; for he required much, including stimulus, from his audience. When he felt that some person in the group was unsympathetic or crude, intellectually, he would suddenly stop speaking. His long legs inextricably intertwined, he would lie back in his chair, in black gloom and complete silence, and then, quite alarmingly drop, in the most uncomfortable moment of silence, a sardonically witty remark, unnerving and devastating. He was, however, an admirable host, kindly and intensely amusing; but to people not in his immediate circle, or to those who would not fit in, he was shy and reserved. It is evident that he was quite popular and could boast a large number of admiring friends; for in speaking of his writing, he said,

"I have to bury myself in the country when I want to work. It isn't so much the noises of London that prevent concentration, but the social calls on one's time — the exits and entrances."

An amusing story shows that the ordinary conventions of life did not much trouble Strachey. One day, when in London, he found that

his trousers were very badly torn. Donning a large overcoat of the ulster variety, he went to an invisible mending shop in Piccadilly. On entering the shop, he stared at the young boy behind the counter for a minute or two and then asked in his "thin, glass-tube of a voice,"

"Can you mend trousers?" When the boy reassured him, Strachey turned round and after considerable agitation beneath the ulster, produced the torn trousers. The boy inspected the trousers, carefully, and discovered that the rent was too severe to be invisibly-mended, but that it could be tacked.

"I will return after lunch," Strachey said; and drawing the ulster closely about his tall, thin figure, he walked out of the shop. At the Oriental Club, still clad in the ulster, he lunched with a friend and was his most witty and amusing self. After lunch, he left the club and went back to the shop. On receiving his trousers, there was a similar agitation and rustling of the ulster. Then with a shy smile and a "thank you," he walked out satisfied and trousered once more.

Now at the age of fifty-two, he is dead, after an attack of paratyphoid fever. His consummate brilliance and skill will live on in a body of literature small in amount, but so individual, so adroit and imaginative, and betraying in every sentence such an accomplished knowledge of the whole art and craft of authorship, that it is assured a permanent place. He had a sensitive and artistic temperament, always true to inner promptings. A gentle character, scholarly, urbane, and a little sentimental, he lived a life singularly removed from the rough and tumble of contemporary life. A realist and a cynic he was, and yet a romantic, who loved the pageantry of life and history. He has stamped his books with his own unique and entrancing personality.

KATHERINE BONITZ.

Delicate Business

By MADGE MYERS

NICK BRANDON swung across Pack Square, swearing under his breath as he dodged traffic on a wrong light. Negro chauffeurs, brick pavement, men, women, and the city of Asheville fell under his vituperation. And particularly women — women who could draw a man across the whole of the Atlantic Ocean because of red-gold hair, amber eyes, and a voice that he heard in his dreams.

That, of course, was Nan, who was all women in one and as perplexing as a thousand part jigsaw. Once he had thought she was all nicely put together, a very tempestuous but charming design; then she had scattered her parts to the winds — and the part that was Nick had landed in a white sun helmet in South Africa.

But as the whole is more than the sum of its parts, and parts derive their properties from wholes, the Law of Determined Action brought Nick Brandon to an address a few blocks off the Square. For two minutes he stood looking at one of the cards by the entrance: "Miss Nan Canady, number 203." No longer Mrs. Nick Brandon; again Miss Nan Canady, as though the year of their marriage had never existed.

In the hall upstairs Nick waited for another minute before ringing the apartment bell. She simply had to be there, and with no one else around. Delicate business, this calling on one's divorced wife after not having seen her since before the divorce. He wondered if what he felt was nervousness; he had never known himself to be nervous before in his life. Well, here goes! Nick leaned a hand against the door jamb, his thumb pressing the electric button. Nan had scolded him many a time for his habit of ringing doorbells in one continuous ring.

Now the sight of her, staring at him, filled his universe. How had he been able to stay away so long? But he could not stand here and just look at her, as he would like to; a person had to say something and do things. He thought of something to do; he took off his hat.

"Well, it looks like old-husband week," he heard Nan saying. At the sound of her voice his own insolent manner succeeded his diffidence. Nan had always put a fellow at his ease.

"How are the old wives?"

"Oh, able to creak about. Is it your intention to come in or do you prefer leaning on my doorbell?" she drawled.

Nick got into action. "Thanks, I'm glad the enemy camp is not too hostile. Will you offer your hand, or do I have to kiss you?" He felt her small hand in his for a moment.

"I hardly know how an ex-wife should greet her former husband. Some one should write a book about it."

"You would only throw it at me, I am afraid." He was thinking how enchanting she looked in that green dress.

"Oh, you're pretty good at dodging."

"Not the last time you hung an ash tray over my left ear," Nick laughed.

"Let's not start that again. Sit down, and tell me about the dark continent. You like your new home?" They took chairs facing each other.

"Not so much since a monkey cut down my shade tree. I thought of the old Appalachians, and a tear of nostalgia washed a streak down my complexion."

"Which has about gone native," Nan commented as she looked upon his brown face. "Are you, by any chance, abiding with us for long?"

Why was she fidgeting with her hands so much? Seemed nervous, herself. "I don't know yet," he answered.

"But surely you will find it dull here, after the excitement of African game hunting."

Nick leaned forward in his chair. "On the contrary, I've found nothing more exciting than your own flame-top. Why, once in the Congo when an angry cat got uncomfortably near me, I suddenly thought of you. It was the look in her eyes."

"I suppose you especially enjoyed killing her for that." Nan's tone was bitter.

"I didn't get to. The cat put me out before the blacks saw my danger and took her on. What a scratch I did get!"

"Lucky for you that you always get merely scratched," she said as she reached for a cigarette. Nick sprang to hold his lighter. He noticed that her hand shook in catching the light.

"Not always, Nan. Once I was deeply wounded."

"You were?" A queer little smile quirked a corner of her mouth which was not a very happy-looking mouth.

Nick turned and stood gazing out a window. "I couldn't understand why you sued for divorce the way you did. I had thought we were different, somehow; quarreling and fighting and having a grand time, but never taking anything seriously but our love. But I guess you had enough of it."

"Nick! What do you mean?" She had risen. "You know you simply walked out after that last quarrel. There was nothing left for me to do but give you a divorce."

He faced her swiftly. "Didn't you get my letters?"

"I had no word at all from you."

"I was afraid of those inland postal systems. The joke must be on me. You see, I had meant it as that — a joke — to get even for that ash tray, I suppose; and I had planned for you to get my first letter with some foreign postmark. That's the why of Africa. I was to take a boat back in two weeks, but a delay on an excursion inland and a wait for the boat kept me two extra weeks. It was in the American office at Capetown that I heard a Mrs. Nick Brandon was filing suit for divorce. There was nothing to come back for. Instead of six weeks in Africa I spent a year. It was hell, I tell you. Mosquitoes and foul water and crawling heat!"

Now it was off his chest. He felt better. What was that Nan was saying? It was low and choked.

"It hasn't been so much fun here, either."

"Nan! I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to come back and see you and be near you. If we could only begin again where we left off! Could— you— do that?"

She drifted a few steps from him. In the dimness of the room her throat was like ivory and as cold. "Don't, Nick. Things are not so simple as that. After all, a year does make a difference."

"Do you love me at all, Nan?"

Now her voice sounded far away. "It isn't that. But I have built up my world again — learned how to live without you — and now I can't tear it all up."

"Nan, is there some one else?" It was the first time he had ever asked that lover's question.

"I am not going to marry again, if you mean that. It's not some one; it's something — an idea — a sort of creation of mine. It is like an engine that had lost an important part, and one that I had made to work without it. And now it can go on — and not need the missing part."

Then she hadn't needed him as he needed her. But if only he could see through that remote wall of her emotions. "Couldn't you try it?" He asked. "Maybe it could make itself useful." It was as if Nick's life hung on the reply.

"Don't ask me, Nick. Let me alone."

He reached for her wrists and gripped them. "Are you being a coward?"

"I may be a coward, but I can't help it."

"Either you don't care for me, or you won't forgive me."

"I have told you."

"You have told me nothing except that I have made a mess of our marriage. And now you won't give me a chance—"

"No." Her voice was final. He released her hands. He would have to change his tactics — stake all on bluff. And if it didn't work—

"Well," he said. "Probably you are right. A year does make a difference. I hope you will find your next marriage a greater success — with less of a fool for a husband. I'll go now. I am sailing from Charleston in a few days; so I'll say goodbye."

She merely said, "Goodbye."

Nick closed the door behind him and tramped down the stairs. He took another look at the little white card. Crossing his fingers, he ran lightly back up the stairs. One last try. If only her mood had changed.

Softly he opened the door of her living room. At first he didn't see her; then he caught a glimpse of a green shoulder in a wing chair. Now he saw the top of her burnished head against the arm. He had

reached the chair before she looked up, startled, through wet points of lashes.

"One time I didn't come back, but this time I am staying," he said brusquely. Was it going to work?

"Oh, Nick," she sobbed. Instantly he lifted her from the chair and sat down with her on his lap. "I really couldn't ever forgive you."

"For being such a fool, Nan?"

She sniffled on his shoulder. "For not taking me to Africa with you, silly!"



I Confess

On All-Hallows Eve
When one could see,
I buried your image
Under a tree.
I said a charm
That damned you forever.
I hated you then,
I wanted you never.
I fell to weeping
And then to praying.
I left out the magic
Of what I was saying.
I garbed me in black,
I bound back my hair,
And then your laughter
Rang faint on the air.

Election Night

By CHERRIE PYE

PINK gave up pretending and threw down her book on the bed. She looked at me, then at her roommate. She started to speak to Blue, but thought better of it. Only by her unnatural quietness, her swift attention to every voice in the hall, to every footstep on the stairs was Blue's tension to be noticed. Green came in with her usual chatter and noise. Pink and I silently implored her for news. She shook her head. Blue did not look up. We tried to make conversation. It was a wasted effort. Pink made an excuse to run downstairs, where she might ask someone else for news. We stayed behind and talked about English, about psychology, about anything but the elections.

We heard Brown coming up the steps chanting nonsense. She came clattering in, embarrassed and amused at having congratulated someone who had been defeated. There was a sudden silence. Brown looked at us, at Blue, then she dashed precipitously from the room. Blue laughed suddenly, the first time that evening. There was a general easing of tension. Green began to talk about next year when the new house-presidents would be in office. Blue, with studied nonchalance began to talk about the morrow's quiz. Pink came back. No news. Blue asked her if she knew her memory work. Pink didn't, so Blue began to coach her.

All at once we heard Red coming. She opened the door and stood quietly there. No one dared ask the question we knew she could answer. Brown came in behind her, chattering about nothing at all. Red sat down on the side of Blue's bed and began to talk about the work she had yet to prepare. Brown broke in to tell of the endless woes of practice teaching. Under cover of the general stir of conversation Red whispered something to Blue, who blushed and rolled over on her face on the bed. Suddenly Pink began to cry.

"Red, Red, did she get it? Why didn't you tell us when you came in?"

We all tried to talk at once and to congratulate Blue who was too happy for speech. Pink did a war dance down the hall.

"I'm the house-president's roommate!"

The spell was broken. I went upstairs to go to bed.

Love Affair

By MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

SHE had lived for thirty-nine years without any love, without any warm human love; there had been God, but He was far away, and now she felt a grudge against Him, for it was on His account that she had grown into the quiet, Christian girl that everyone respected and no one desired.

Having never been able to get along with other people, she found herself isolated like an extra piece in a jig-saw puzzle; she couldn't fit in for the pattern was complete without her.

She lived with her sister, Zona, and her sister's husband, George. Her dependence upon them made her sensitive; the monotony of her existence made her desperate; never in her life had she known real ecstasy; never had she known true happiness. She lay awake at night, tossing, burning, hungering with some desire, she knew not what. She thought of books she had read, novels that left her restless and excited. Inwardly, she yielded to something soft and indefinable in her nature, but outwardly she covered herself with a cold sheath, and drew her mouth into hard lines, for the world must never know that she felt cheated; the world must never have its chance to laugh at her behind her back.

Sometimes she did not feel so lonely and unhappy with Zona and George. She had always taken care of their child. From the time he was two years old, Robert had been Bessie's troubling but gripping interest. She taught him to be good and to love God; and she tried to teach him to love her, but he never did. No one ever did. The suffering in her eyes disgusted other people rather than solicited their pity. Robert had as little concern for her as he had for Patty, the negro cook.

It was Zona's fault that people were unkind to Bessie. Bessie's nerves were taut, sensitive wires tuned to Zona's purposes and whims. To Bessie, life was a gray curtain drawn close, a canopy all around her, dust in her mouth. It was the ticking of a clock, the drab fall of rain; sometimes it was the quickening to a new situation, the realization that things might be different, the thought of a man's lips and

arms. When life was like that it was terrible indeed. The slowness she could stand; the moments of restlessness she could not endure.

Sometimes, Mrs. Bitting, across the street, invited Bessie to play cards. Bessie played bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Bitting and their grown daughter, Stella. Lately, however, these invitations had become less frequent, and Bessie wondered about them. She wondered about them every time she passed the Garfield Packing Company where Mr. Bitting worked.

One day she saw him coming home from his work, and it was on the end of her tongue to ask him if his wife was ill, but she refrained from doing so, afraid that he would suspect her of being overly anxious.

Secretly, Mr. Bitting admired her. She knew it, for he had looked at her with dark, thoughtful eyes when they played bridge together. Once he had laughed rather suddenly at something funny she had said. At another time, she had caught him staring at her wrist.

It had been three weeks now since she had been invited to his house to play bridge; three whole weeks since she had seen him at all. Naturally, she was excited on seeing him drive out of the Garfield Packing Company, and sat for another car to pass. Now was her opportunity to ask about his wife; instead, she hurried on, conscious of his burning gaze, conscious of her own feet and each step they took.

She expected him to pass her without a glance. When she heard the swish of his car she turned her head slightly to look at him. He stopped and the silver on his automobile glittered.

He offered to drive her home. Proud and happy, she climbed in beside him.

When she got home, Zona and George and Robert were away somewhere. She did not ask where. She had ceased asking.

Her noon meal was lonely. Patty, the cook, set the table in the big dark dining room. The shades were drawn, and the atmosphere reeked of vinegar. Two flies crawled on the table cloth where sugar had been spilled. Bessie sat down and unfolded her napkin. She saw Mr. Bitting in everything before her; in the butter, in the lettuce, even in the water pitcher. His eyes were clear and brown; he looked at her in a sad, thoughtful way.

After she had finished eating, she went upstairs and got down her strong box, the one intimate thing in her life. It was black and imposing, and caught with a heavy lock. Inside, were relics of imagination and pieces of cherished memory; a stray cuff button belonging to Zona's husband, but exactly like the ones Mr. Bitting wore; a hair-pin she had dropped that Mr. Bitting had picked up for her; the remaining end of a cigarette Mr. Bitting had smoked; and an empty perfume bottle that smelled like something Mr. Bitting used on his hair. Opening up her box this time, she added to her collection a leaf that had fallen from the running-board of Mr. Bitting's car when he had stopped to put her out.

That leaf, somehow, was symbolic of everything beautiful to her. It was the handiwork of God.

She saw Mr. Bitting at church. Usually, he went every Sunday or so. He had not been there for three weeks now. Surely he would be there tomorrow. Her mind grabbed at the thought and ate it up like a hungry cat eats a mouse. The realization came to her, suddenly. Tomorrow was Sunday, day of rest and gladness and sunshine. She would wear her hat with the pin over the left eye, and she would remember to crimp her hair on the sides of her face.

The church was overly heated and depressive. There was the rustled handling of hymn-books, the whispered breathing of the congregation. Bessie felt hot and uncomfortable and thrilled at the thought of Mr. Bitting. She felt exposed to his wondering gaze in this sacred atmosphere.

"Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us." The hymn took on a double meaning.

It was communion Sunday, and after the short sermon, the congregation came forth to the rostrum to kneel and partake of the Lord's supper. They knelt in a row and bowed their heads while the pastor went slowly from one to the other with tiny glasses of grape juice and tiny bits of bread on a large silver tray. As she came forward, Bessie trembled with excitement and expectation. She felt that Mr. Bitting was close behind her. A woman, oppressive with perfume, crowded near. Bessie knelt, her handkerchief a wet ball in her perspiring hand.

She felt an emotional thrill run through her, a dear, familiar thrill that ached and cried for recognition. At first, it was the mere sugges-

tion of the smell of Mr. Bitting's hair tonic. Next, it was the more tangible contact of his sleeve. He had knelt beside her!

Her heart pumping agonies against her breast, Bessie lifted her eyes slowly, and reached for the tiny glass of grape juice the preacher held out for her: "Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee. May it preserve thee, soul and body, unto everlasting life. . ."

She drank it. A strong vitality flowed through her veins. The bitter taste remained in her mouth. The woman, oppressive with perfume, was rising to go to her seat. Everyone arose. Unsteadily, Bessie clambored to her feet. As soon as the tones of the organ ceased, the glamor of the morning was gone, but the memory of it stayed.

It may have been the memory itself that kept her awake that night. She slept only in fits and starts, waking up at intervals all night long, pressed with a feeling she could not describe.

Once she awoke from a very bad dream. She sat up in bed and turned on the light. Sleep dissolved and entered the light, fusing with it. The whole room shook with sudden light, yellow light that grew strong and dim, strong and dim in sleepy waves. She sat up in bed and blinked her eyes and shook like a leaf of corn in hot silent fields. Her mouth was dry; her head went around in circles, circles that enlarged, and spread themselves over the room.

She got out of bed and moved around over the cold hard floor. It was when she fell against a chair and uttered a hasty exclamation that she happened to look out of the window, across the street at the Bitting's house. Every light was on. It was very strange.

Then she remembered that Mrs. Bitting had not invited her over for a long time. "Perhaps she *is* sick," Bessie thought.

She got back in bed, trembling with cold and the thought of Mrs. Bitting. "She must be very sick. Perhaps I *should* have asked him about her."

The next morning when Bessie came downstairs, Zona, her face chalky with the excitement of startling news close at home, said: "She's dead." And Bessie, without asking, knew who the "she" was.

It was an elaborate funeral they gave her. Bessie and Zona and George and Robert all went. They went all the way to the cemetery. At the cemetery it began raining.

The rain dribbled lazily from the trees. It fell slow, uncertain drops on the fresh earth, the damp sticky clothes of the crowd that huddled about the coffin. Mr. Bitting stood with his hat in his hand, his head lowered, his eyes dry. Grief lay like a shroud on his gray face, the veins on his thin hands throbbed with emotion. Bessie felt sorry for him; sorry for him, but glad for herself. He would be free now. She turned the word over and under her tongue, tasting it.

The slow rain quickened and fell like drops of melted lead, pounding the ground. Bessie felt herself being drenched. Zona and George and Robert had come in a car, a coupe, so there was no room for her. She had brought an umbrella. Thank goodness only her feet would get very wet. In places where the ground had become soggy, the wet clay caked on her shoes. The rain poured and poured.

As the crowd started away from the cemetery, Bessie raised her umbrella — it seemed disrespectful to do so before — and, huddling her shoulders together, picked her way carefully through soupy ruts of drenched red earth.

Cars swarmed around her like flies, but no one offered to take her home. At the end of the long line of cars, it was Mr. Bitting, who in an automobile driven by one of the men from the funeral home, had the man stop and offer Bessie a ride.

Gratefully, she climbed into the automobile. "They'll see," she said to herself, "They'll see who I am. Just wait."

Languidly, she leaned against the upholstery of the car and contemplated the bliss of wedded life and Mr. Bitting. Quickly, she arrested these thoughts and smothered them. It was sacrilegious to harbor such feelings at a time like this. However, she could not help saying to herself, "They'll see. They'll take notice of me. Wait till I tell Zona. Wait till I tell George."

She closed her eyes and listened to the droning of the rain. It beat a tattoo on the top of the car.

She looked at Mr. Bitting's profile, realizing suddenly that he had not said a word. He was wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. His face revealed nothing. There was no emotion there. Half-sighing, she closed her eyes again. "They'll see," she whispered to herself.

They reached Bessie's home where she lived with Zona and George, and the man stopped the car to put Bessie out. She, clumsily, raised her umbrella and pinched her finger with it. "Gracious!" she exclaimed, "It's bleeding." She looked at Mr. Bitting, but he was staring down at his hands, apparently not having heard. With a sigh, she turned and started up the walk in the rain.

The next day she looked across the street at Mr. Bitting's house, and saw men with trucks moving the furniture away. The shades were down, and the curtains were gone, leaving the windows like black holes that stared Bessie in the face.

"He's gone to Florida," said Zona, cleaning out the canary's cage, "He left this morning . . . Go in the kitchen and see if Patty has any hot water, will you? This cage is awfully dirty."



How to Get Eight Hours' Sleep

By BETTY WINSPEAR

THERE ARE certain things everyone knows, certain old axioms and bromides that have been handed down from one generation to another for more years than we care to think about. Some have been preserved for posterity in songs, some in poetry; others have merely been passed along by word of mouth. Some are heard so often that they have become unbearable, while others are not so offensive and are used by some of the so-called "great thinkers" of the day. One of the latter classification is the law about getting eight hours' sleep each and every night.

We are all familiar with the song: "Twenty-four hours a day, eight of them made for play, eight of them made for work and the rest for dreaming." Quite naturally, we assume that the author considered the words "sleep" and "dreaming" interchangeable. As for the other sixteen hours, who among us does not know that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy?" This is what is commonly known as a gospel truth. When in doubt, always give playing a slight edge over working.

College work may be divided into several general classifications. Opinions as to their relative importance may vary, but our own list goes something like this: writing letters to the seven men of our dreams, knitting, laundering intimate apparel, learning new dance steps, sweeping the accumulation of dust under the bed, going to at least two movies a week, and spending as many week-ends as possible off campus. Some lists will also include plucking eyebrows, applying ruby nail polish to the finger tips and toe-nails, removing traces of ruby nail polish from the finger tips and toe-nails, making coffee and toast, and hiding the electric grill. Everyone has her own little list of "musts," and will just have to work everything in as best she can.

All of which brings us to the realization that there is very little time left for sleep and play. We shall dispose of play by working it in with the week-ends and the dance steps, and pass on to the vital problem of how to get those eight precious hours of sleep. Eight hours out of every twenty-four brings us to the distressing total of fifty-six hours a week; or, if we want to deal in really handsome figures, two thousand, nine hundred and twelve hours a year. Personally, we are appalled at the sound of the yearly figure, so let's just go back and do our figuring on a weekly basis.

We might as well face the fact, right here and now, that if we are really going to get our fifty-six hours each week, we'll have to do some sleeping in bed. We would say that a girl ought to set a minimum of five hours each and every night. Certainly no one will miss a thing by going to bed and staying there for the five hours between one and six a. m. Of course, our work is liable to suffer, but we are sure everyone will agree that one's health must be given some consideration.

As long as we have to go to chapel anyway, we might as well count on those two half-hour periods for sleeping. Some of our best sleeping is done in chapel. There is something about a good, forceful speaker that furnishes ideal sleeping conditions, and seats are really quite comfortable.

There is no need for us to tell a group of college girls anything about sleeping in classes. We have found, however, that it is best to stay awake for the first five minutes, because in this way you usually know what you were supposed to have done for next time.

And knowing what one was supposed to have done for next time is always comforting. With careful planning, there is no reason why a girl carrying an average of fifteen hours a week can't get at least ten hours' sleep in classes each week.

When you have mastered the art of sleeping in classroom chairs, you are ready to try your hand at sleeping in church. The seats are just about as hard, and there is the added discomfort of not having the arm of a chair upon which to prop an elbow. The music is very restful, however, and you should be able to get from an hour to an hour and a half of refreshing sleep on Sunday morning. It is really worthwhile to make the supreme effort and go to church, because everyone knows that it is impossible to get any sleep around a dormitory on Sunday morning.

We have left about ten hours of sleep that must be got somehow, and we feel that the library is the logical place to while away this remaining time. Of course the reading room is far and away the best spot of all, but there are times when one must sleep over a history book or a newspaper. The library is our own favorite spot, and if it weren't for bells ringing every now and then, we fear that we would just sleep on indefinitely, and never would finish our knitted suit.

Incidentally, when you do go off for a week-end you will undoubtedly lose the hour and a half that you would normally get in church. For your health's sake, you must try to make this up. Just let the sweeping go, or the toe-nails, and snatch a few extra winks Monday morning. Or you could get up a little game of shut-eye, if the week-end should drag at any time.

We hope we have succeeded in proving that getting an average of eight hours' sleep isn't so difficult after all. If you follow all these little hints, and cultivate the art of going to sleep immediately under proper conditions, we are sure that you will feel like a New Woman in no time at all.

Book Review

WAY OF THE LANCER. *By Richard Boleslavski, in collaboration with Helen Woodward.* The Literary Guild. 1932.

Richard Boleslavski tells with a rare dignity and restraint the dramatic and moving story of his regiment of Polish lancers during the recent war. This particular regiment of lancers was enlisted on the side of Russia. In a series of partially disconnected narratives, the author tells a story of the war which, while never intentionally horrifying, contains some rather stark incidents.

After the abdication of the emperor, the general breakdown in army morale led to the partial disintegration of the Polish lancers who, turned loose in Russia and unable to get back to Poland, battling at times for their very existence, suddenly found themselves at war with the country they had defended for four years. The author, thus, had a remarkable opportunity to observe Russia in chaos. Whole pages of his book constitute studies in Russian peasant psychology. Half in anger, a group of peasants once told him, "We don't want any government. We can live in our village. And just so long as every man has enough land, we can go on just as we are now. Our Elder can solve all our troubles." They no longer desired war with Germany. Sadly they asked, "Why are they my enemies? — They never took any land away from me. The Germans never hurt me any. Why should my sons fight against them and suffer?"

Mr. Boleslavski's style is particularly notable, and his figures of speech are remarkable for their beauty both of thought and of expression. He describes, for instance, a Russian autumn: "Lovely and melancholy, the country was like a young nun's face, pale, tender, radiant in candle-light, still alive with the throb of desires and emotions, but framed with a black merciless veil, symbol of the end — oblivion — death." He says of Russia in 1916, "In Russia's silent soul somber and gripping thoughts were stirring. In time to come these thoughts were destined to rise and walk through the land like giants with heavy feet and fingers of steel. They would trample down the ancient order and set up in its place new gods and new leaders."

This book differs from the ordinary run of the so-called "war" books in that it advances a unique and unforgettable philosophy of war. Whether you agree with it or not, you must admit the idea is compelling; its presence is a power; it draws you with swift compulsion, and you find yourself, weeks later, still turning it over in your mind, still wondering at its strange appeal. Into the mouth of a charming little lieutenant, he puts these words: "The Germans are our enemies. And I've always accepted them as such. But I've seen them only as the same military organization as my own. I suppose its queer, but I've loved the Germans as individuals. Such fine enemies. No man can fight nobly or with full force unless he loves and respects his enemy. . . . Now listen, father . . . I have my theory. I never told anybody about it, but I do believe in it. It is a theory of universal war between good and bad. It is the one and only thing which is the same in Heaven and on earth. The evil forces envy the peace of Heaven and peace on earth and make every effort to destroy it. When war starts it isn't true that all Germany fights all Russia. No — the truth is that the soldiers of Germany are fighting the evil forces of the universe. And the soldiers of Russia are also fighting the evil forces of the universe. They have one common enemy. But they cannot conquer him by other means except through sacrifice, death and pain, through offering their own lives and sufferings. That's why, instead of uniting and going against the common enemy they've got to fight each other. I don't know how it came to me . . . but I saw that the Germans I killed forgave me. And if a German should kill me, I'd forgive him gladly. For our deaths are incidents. It is through our fighting that the biggest victory will be achieved. The victory of everything that is noble and beautiful over everything that is hollow and ugly. . . ."

MARY ELIZABETH KEISTER.

SCHAUFFLER: *The Mad Musician*.

Schauffler, in his book *The Mad Musician*, has given us a compact version of his former book *Beethoven: The Man Who Freed Music*. This volume is written for the layman; and, although it omits much

of the scientific discussion contained in the first book, it nevertheless, remains technically correct. The title, it is quite evident, is ironic; for Schauffler presents Beethoven as being saner than his contemporaries who called him the "mad musician."

He was a human and intensely interesting little man who both influenced and was influenced by the thoughts and events of his times. "He was small, thin, homely, pock-marked, unkempt, morose-looking"; yet he had the personality as well as the genius that makes one acceptable in the company of nobility. He had a fighting spirit that was with him until his death. He once said, "'Man, help thyself'" and he seems, in that case, to have obeyed his own rules. He said, too, on being called immoral, "'Strength is the morality of men who show themselves superior to others, and it is mine.'" It was this strength of personality, this boundless energy, together with his genius and his unerring belief in it that made Beethoven a guest where others came to serve.

We can not help admiring Beethoven's fighting spirit — a spirit which could triumph even in the face of deafness, the loss of his "noblest faculty." There is something thrilling in his cry, "'I will seize fate by the throat; most assuredly it shall not get me wholly down — oh, it is so beautiful to live life a thousandfold.'" "

This man Beethoven, the odd little man with the fiery spirit, was born on December 16, 1770, at Bon, Germany. There he played as a child; there often he was pulled out of bed at midnight or after by his drunken father and given a lesson on the piano or the violin. Later he went to Vienna to study. There he was welcomed into the homes of the nobility. He had been there only six years, however, when he began to grow deaf. He fought it off as he fought off all impediments, working in spite of it and keeping it a secret from even his closest friends as long as it was possible.

His fighting spirit, his call of "'Man, help thyself'" and "'Freedom above all'" was with him even as he died. Schauffler gives a short but vivid picture of the death of the fighter:

"Later on the afternoon of March 26, 1827, there came a flash of lightning and a sharp peal of thunder. The then unconscious Master

raised himself high in bed, as if then answering the thunder. His eyes opened wide. He clenched and lifted his right hand, remained in this attitude several seconds — and fell back dead.

That clenched hand seemed to say:

“ ‘I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more, the best and the last.’ ”

This, it seems would have been a fitting ending for the biography of a fighter, a liberator of music; but Schaufler goes on with his story, telling how Beethoven freed music and what he means to us today. He ends the book at last, however, by saying, “This man is too great to be contained in the bounds of his country; he is a gift from nature to the whole earth.”

SUSANNE KETCHUM.

LORNA REA, *Rachel Moon*. New York and London, Harper and Brothers, 1931.

Rachel Moon, by Lorna Rea, is as definitely a study in psychology as *Anne Vickers* is a study in sociology. The actual story is simple: Rachel Moon, although in love with an ambitious experimental psychologist, sacrifices herself to nurse her invalid mother. This trite plot assumes new life because Mrs. Moon has hopelessly lost the use of her mind and her body, and yet Rachel continues to think of her as a conscious individual. The evolution of her attitude toward her mother, with the corresponding changes in her personality, is the main concern of the novel.

Rachel, as a life loving, hyper-sensitive girl, when called home from finishing school because of her mother's paralysis, takes a selfish view of the situation and thinks only of how she, Rachel Moon, will be affected by the accident. Her mother's condition is at first repulsive to her. Suddenly her attitude changes entirely, and she decides to devote her life to caring for and loving her mother. She is shocked and hurt at the practical, impersonal way the others of the family accept the news that Mrs. Moon will never regain consciousness, while she lives on the hope of that consciousness. She feels indispensable to her mother, because she is the only truly sympathetic one of the family. As her fiance and her family fail to understand

this, she breaks her engagement and becomes estranged from her family. Eventually her whole person becomes warped with morbid and unnatural reactions. Upon her mother's death, Rachel's place in life seems to be over, until she finds that her little nephew needs her care.

There is a sort of fascinated horror that holds the reader's attention. Yet one feels thankful, on completion of this story, for one's normality, for one's very mediocrity.

DuBOSE HEYWOOD, *Peter Ashley*. Murray Hill, New York, Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1932.

This novel takes you back to the time of duels, slave marts, hospitality and secession. It is a novel of the landed aristocracy and its actions toward and views about secession and slavery. The gentlemen were "South Carolinian, by God, sir!" Moreover they lived in Charleston.

There are two principals: Peter Ashley, the son of a respected St. John's family, a rather different boy who is encouraged to cultivate his individuality, a boy versed in theory; Pierre Chardon, his uncle, a fastidious, contemplative gentleman, a survival of the jolip age, a man who concentrates on an understanding of the inner nature of his sensitive nephew. Much of the story we view through his eyes. He is easily the better drawn character. Of more import, however, than the character interest is the insight into the viewpoint the very temper and mood of that intolerant, provincial Southern aristocracy.

Of major interest are the two fundamental truths that gather momentum throughout the novel. One is that war is based on emotion rather than intellect. The other is that serenity, complacency, actual happiness, depends upon conformity. This latter truth is emphasized in the action of young Peter. He, to his own discomfort, opposes secession, after coolly contemplating the theories of both sides; yet he resents being called an abolitionist to the extent of striking a gentleman and thus inviting a duel. In the end, Peter is happy and content to ride gallantly to war in his brother's company.

Sonnet

(TO THE PATIENT IN ROOM 16)

White clay his face and dull and drugged his eyes
That rest so still so sightless on the walls.
Transparent hands — the hands of him who dies
Of slowly eaten lungs — who slowly falls
Along the dim abyss of waiting death.
So still he lies. Perhaps he hears in awe
The swish of spectral garments. And a breath
So cold, so sharp it hurts his lungs to draw
It from the chill has made his lungs go tight.
Brave boy, he knows he shall not see the dark
Slip out before the early dawn's grim light
For death has touched his eyes and left its mark
He dreams of life where sunlight streams again,
Where breaths are sweet and deep and bring no pain.
EDYTHE LATHAM.



Tomorrow

Perhaps, tomorrow
I'll find the golden bay
I dreamt about yesternight,
I hunted for today.
On its far horizon
A misty line of blue.
Pine forests, deep woods,
Perhaps a town or two;
On its shining waters
A fleet of stately sails
That leave a line of bubbles
In lacy silver trails.

WHAT WE THINK

WE ARE a college magazine. A simple and obvious statement like that has an underlying meaning not apparent to the casual reader. Such a statement implies a great many limitations and usually concerns a type that has come to be scorned in recent years because of the vulgar trend of most so called humorous college publications. Since we are well out of that class, we can disregard the opprobrium that such a type brings upon the whole field of college literary endeavor. We can confine ourselves to improving the reputations of the whole field and to attaining a degree of excellence within our own.

The limitations of a college magazine are many. First, there are the limited funds available for college magazines, which means that little or no experimentation can be carried on, that illustrations must be dispensed with, almost completely, and that careful planning for the year's operations must be made. Next, there is the scarcity of material. Few, if any, college writers have had experience or are capable of the mature expression that comes from such experience. Very often, the college magazine is the first instrument of expression open to the young writer; and very often, the editor himself is immature and inexperienced and thus incapable of judging the work of others. College writers are engaged in work that occupies the greater part of their time. Consequently, the necessary care and time cannot be spent upon polishing and finishing their work. Much of the material discarded by editors is worthless because it is not finished work. The writer had an idea, he put it down on paper, saw its flaws, but then yielded to the clamorous demands of the editor without waiting to finish his work.

We, of the *Coraddi*, see our limitations and recognize our weaknesses. We know our own shortcomings, and we hope to overcome them. Nevertheless, we have set for ourselves a high goal; and we are asking you, Reader, to help us attain it. This year we want to publish the perfect college magazine. To do this we must have material, and we are asking you, Reader, who should also be Writer, to

help us with it. We want you to contribute, we want you to encourage others to contribute, and we want you to criticize the finished product.

We believe that you students of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina have both a duty and an opportunity confronting you. Your opportunity is in the rich field that lies before you, scarcely touched by creative writing, the state of North Carolina and this section of the South. We do not necessarily mean the mountains, which have already been exploited, but we mean the towns and villages that make up all of North Carolina. Surely you know someone who is interesting because he is unusual or because he is so usual that his duplicate can be found everywhere. Surely you know some interesting local legend that should be preserved in writing. Surely you have experienced some emotion, whatever its cause, that can be fitted into words for the enjoyment of others. We ask you to write, not just for your own pleasure; but from our selfish desire to create a good magazine. Your duty, then, is as clear as your opportunity. Surely you, who are students at a State University, should avail yourselves of the opportunity open to you; and you should use this magazine which is, after all yours.

We, the *Coraddi* staff, ask you to help us in all these ways: in overcoming our limitations, in putting out a magazine that represents you North Carolinians, and in preserving for others the North Carolina that we know and love.



Epitaph for a Young Naturalist

Let him be earth, let him be flowers sweet,
Put no stone upon his head
Or feet.

Let him be trees, let him grow tall and free,
No one living loved these
More than he.

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS.

Yesterday

Don't you care enough, my sweet,
To lay repentance at my feet
And beg me not to go?

Yesterday you bade me stay,
Ah! but that was yesterday,
And that was long ago.

Yesterday our love was new,
Then you held me close to you
And whispered stay.

You told me — I remember well —
That life without me would be hell.
. . . But that was yesterday.

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS.



This and That

College is so broadening.
Imagine my distress!
I've expanded and split
My best Sunday dress!

The Judy Board
Is dignified.
You go to see it
If you take a ride.

I'd hate to be
On the Legislature.
It takes such a con-
Sciencious nature.

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